Poems - Drafts

- Brian Edwards

2025

1.

This is the place
where the dance
last forever
as you behold
the sea before you
as you behold
the glare
of a nautical
instrument
suspended
in the sky
this is the place
where the clock
has found
a measure of solace
in the music
of the piano
this is the place
of the ascending
twin stars
this is the place
where a violin
is resting
upon a wreath

***

- 11/23/2025

2.

It's Sunday
morning
and there's bills
on my kitchen
table
there's bills
out there
somewhere
upon the ocean
of mail
on a direct
course
for my mailbox
everything I do
every moment
I exist
every breath
I take
is running
up the tab
computers
are keeping
track
of everything
soon I will
pay the bill
the bill
for this light
the light of
this lightbulb
that I'm using
to see
this notebook
where I
scribble down
my mind's eruption
of thoughts
and nonsense

***

- 11/23/2025

3.

An atomic
solar wind
is blowing across
the old
parking lot
the weeds
growing
up through
the cracks
symbolize
the futility
of clinging
to a moment
in time
as solar flares
dance
way up there
in the celestial
garden of Helios
I myself
have never
been immune
to the passage
of time
I remember well
how I would
ponder about
the stairway
to the clouds
the great
threshold
into true
meaning
true existence
high above
the land
where mirrors
are but
fountains
of confusion

***

- 11/23/2025

4.

Trying to muster
the energy
to move a muscle
I feel
I'm simply
wasting away
into the salty air
I stopped believing
that I was
actually awake
in the daylight
I stopped believing
in the false claims
of the propagandist
teleprompters
things are
too much seen
through the eyes
of fiat currency
printing machines
I walked into
a garden
of the old Moonlight
I beheld
lunar orchids
glowing radiant
I forgot all about
my obligations
to the debt
counting machines
a world dominated
by rigid
mathematics
can often be
a dreary place
for the poet

***

- 11/23/2025

5.

It was
a Sunny
weekend
but I didn't
accomplish
a thing
but for
scribbling out
some lines
inducing
some kind
of herb
to feel
at peace
watched
a little
of the news
and grew
depressed
though it was
a Sunny weekend

***

- 11/23/2025

6.

Sometimes
when I'm
at work
and I get hit
with a bad
situation
I step back
and question
the order
of the Universe
I guess
I lack
the imagination
to understand
how much
of this absurdity
can occur
I guess I simply
don't anticipate
these bad situations
going to
the next level
of absurdity
perhaps
the Universe
is ruled
and always
has been
by the court jesters
and the king's fools
of all ages

***

- 11/23/2025

7.

This time
of year
the workdays
drag on and on
it gets dark
earlier
the sound
of the crickets
has disappeared
the cold air
reminds you
of what cold is
you must learn
to accept
the changing
of the seasons
and that
the Aurora Borealis
is too far away
for you to see
here in
New Jersey
this time of year

***

- 11/23/2025

8.

Fate
drunk on
cheap beer
drags me back
repeatedly
to this world's
sinister conformity
I wish only
to awaken
each morning
and not
participate
in a cycle
of hopeless hoping
I'd rather watch
the scarecrows
being watched
by the crows
I'd rather
dance the dance
of what never was
I'd rather keep
a little Moonlight
in my pocket
rather than coins
which are useless
as paperweights
I'd rather
watch the hawks fly
when the Sun
is at its zenith
such would be
a day spent
amidst the madness

***

- 11/23/2025

9.

I lament
upon the clouds
up there
passing us by
they seem
indifferent
to all of our
commotions
down here
and so
we journey
through our lives
fate is
undetermined
and every
once in awhile
I'll do something
like lament
upon the clouds
it never brings me
many answers
it's just
an old habit
and I suppose
that maybe
I'm still hoping
for a few
of those answers

***

- 11/24/2025

10.

There is
no time left
for the thing
that must be done
though it still
must be done
there is
no time left
no energy
nothing
that would
really captivate
a person
to get
the thing done
as many people
out there
get ready
for work
like me
as the coffee
feels like
a necessity
to exist
in this world
in the morning
sometimes
the thing
the thing still
must be done
I know this
as does
the rising Sun
yet there just
isn't time

***

- 11/24/2025

11.

I don't deny
the truth
of a dark cloud
I know that
the omens
are real
and that
the world
is more mysterious
than we
could imagine
I don't deny
the truth
of a dark cloud
I know that
the crows
gathered
in a tree
understand
no..... I don't
deny the truth
of it
nor do I seek
understanding
or resolution
sometimes
I can hear
the symphonies
in the wind
and that is enough
I never
ask anything
of the dark clouds

***

- 11/24/2025

12.

Watching
the spider
in the window
weaving
a masterpiece
looking at
the news
and seeing
that everything
was a fraud
knowing I've been
a fool
in my own right
drinking
the kool-aid
for a time
until my senses
became too dulled
to care
waiting for
the last hoorah
expecting
the Moon
to rise
listening
to the music
of the silence
a typical night
a typical day
waiting for
the approach
of sleep
as the spider
in the window
is creating
its best work
ever

***

- 11/24/2025

13.

How I've seen
the ocean blue
and an island
where the beer
flowed
like the essence
of dreams
how I've seen
a mirage
with hypnotic eyes
speaking
with a seductive
voice
luring me into
insanity's palace
on an island
where the beer
flowed
like a dream

***

- 11/24/2025

The automated
caller
keeps calling me
on the phone
telling me
that I have
an overdue bill
the automated
caller
is threatening me
I feel
but I try
not to think
about it
the automated
caller
can judge me
all it wants
I've seen
shadows dancing
in the
marshlands
between our world
and another
I've visited
numerous
exoplanets
in a daydream
I've wandered
through
countless landscapes
that I've
conjured from
a book
I've sent poems
across radio
horizons
yet I have
the distinct feeling
that the
automated caller
will be
calling me again
tomorrow

*** - 11/24/2025

I remember
better days
I'm sure
we all do
until
the dark fog
appeared
and made everything
that much more
obscured
as so many
machines
are listening
to us
wondering
if they're
listening
as mysterious
new buildings
are built
listening to us
listen to
our own thoughts
I remember
better days
but now
the igloos
are melting
more and more
birds are
flying south
and not returning
and the igloos
will all just be
frozen puddles soon
and we wish
it wasn't so
but it is so
as the fog
makes it near
impossible
to see the candles
that we light
in remembrance
of better days
***
- 11/24/2025

16.

I have nothing
here tonight
but for
the consecration
of what's been
consecrated
I have nothing
to behold
here tonight
but for
the illuminated
swan
as I grow weary
so do the candles
by my side
as I grow restless
I have nothing
but for empty space
for I do not
grow restless
as my thoughts
drift away
towards Venus
I see a reflection
of nowhere
in the mirror
tonight
it reminds me
of a place
I once visited
called nowhere

***

- 11/24/2025

It's just
an illusion
isn't it
just a mirage
floating
in a lake
where swans
behold the Moon
it's just
a mirage
just a mirage
one that
lures you in
then disappears
on you
it's only
a mirage
just a mirage
you try to
remember
yet you
find yourself
captivated
by the mirage
feeling a sense
of fulfillment
when you see
the mirage
I won't go
into the night
alone
the memory
of the mirage
will stay with me
when the swans
behold
the bright Moon

***

-11/25/2025

18.

A dark sky
of the morning
before the light
of the Sun
appears
like a lantern
of Socrates
to the east
may you look
and look well
not very much
is adorned
with flowers
anymore
we've moved away
from many
of the small things
the traditional
things
yet how
they did shine
like diamonds
how they did
fly off
towards the east
like doves
towards
those places
that are growing
bright
towards the east
where the lantern
of Socrates
sets the sky ablaze
with color
and light

***

- 11/25/2025

I cannot smell
the sacred incense
I cannot see
the sacred light
shining from
the sacred place
we were told
to believe in
I have
an intuitive
feeling
that it's there
it's just that
the world
can so easily
fill our minds
with the worldly
and we don't
step backwards
when we should
we step forward
into a maze
of shiny
and deceiving
things
and I know
that there
are some
who can still see
the sacred light
the mysterious light
I know that
there are some
that can still
perceive
the sacred incense
as it lingers
in this world
where doves
fly off
into vanishing
mirages

*** - 11/25/2025

As the crows
gather
in the grey
morning
to feast upon
my poor decisions
to feed upon
my withering
excuses
as the world
around me
grows a little
brighter
yet the Sun
cannot be seen
as the memory
of a muse's voice
haunts me
as I find myself
swept up
in the enigma
of pointless
pursuits
as I drink
without drinking
as I smoke
without smoking
as I dance
without
ever learning
simply to defy
the cruelty
and indifference
of the gods
in the grey
morning
surrounded by
the gathering
crows

***

- 11/25/2025

21.

Vase
of the sea
flood my dreams
with saltwater
beach sand
shells
and seaweed
I wish to
know you again
for when
I knew you
before
life was like
the light
of a star

***

- 11/22/2025

22.

I'm sitting here
on a dark night
with just
the stars above
for company
I'm sitting here
on a dark night
listening to
the silence
of the silent
windmills
in Holland
I'm sitting here
on a dark night
amazed by
the mess
that we've
created
I'm sitting here
on a dark night
waiting
for a dream
to fall
like a meteor
and burn up
in the sky

***

- 11/25/2025

23.

Watching
waiting
listening
while the sea
dissolves me
into its
fathoms
waiting for
a thousand
starfish
and seahorses
to surround me
down
to the Locker
waiting
for the day
when the sea
shall give up
those that
it keeps
waiting
while the waves
seem to dance
with time itself

***

- 11/25/2025

24.

With a strong
faith
in the shadow
of the windmill
upon my horse
holding a lance
I charge
towards
empty air
and dust
living in
a world
of daydreams
I'm a true knight
they said
and I believed it
of course
no one actually
said this
and I was just
dreaming
in the shadow
of the windmill
once again

***

- 11/25/2025

Waking up
to that
lousy feeling
of remembering
debt
feeling like
a splinter
in my foot
that won't be
getting removed
for some time
and I'm too
worn down now
to escape
into wine
if I'm lucky
I'll get at least
a few
brief moments
when I don't
remember
that dreaded
feeling
of being in debt
yet those moments
are simply that
they're brief
waking up
once again
to that
lousy feeling
like a spear
in my side
like an
artillery shell
sent my way
like a gang
of vultures
waiting for me
up on the roof
that lousy feeling
clings to me
and I know
there's no escape
into the reprieve
of wine this time

26.

I walk into
the valley
of shadow
I've no choice
I must go
through there
to get
where I want
to be
so I go in there
the valley
of the shadow
a place
of desperation
a place
of howling wind
and long nights
of bad memory
yet I must
go through
to get
to where
I'm going
which is
the valley
of the Sunrise
where it's always
Sunrise
it's always Sunrise
every moment
I don't know how
yet it is so
just one
of those
miracles
that you may
hear about
from time
to time

***

- 11/25/2025

27.

It's an early
dark hour
when the wind
is howling
I take it
as an omen
I don't have to
I know
but I take it
as an omen
anyway
as the wind
outside
howls and howls
some force
of nature
seems to want
to settle up
to clean
the slate
to scatter
so many
trivial things
that we
ourselves
leave about
all across
the land

***

- 11/26/2025

28.

I put the memories
of all of those
Moonless nights
behind me
I prefer to
reminisce about
those nights
when the Moon
is out
big and full
glowing brightly
filling
the night sky
with glowing
those are the ones
I prefer
to remember
not the
Moonless ones
nights when
the Moon
isn't there
to be seen
those nights
have little
or no wonder
for me
to behold
I feel

***

- 11/26/2025

29.

They just
wouldn't get it
they wouldn't
understand
I'm not
making excuses
but I know
they wouldn't
understand
with something
like that
well ... you've just
had to have
gone through it
to understand it
and I know
that they won't
yet in truth
it's better
that they
never have
to know

***

- 11/26/2025

I am drifting
into that place
where the worries
just don't matter
I am drifting
into that place
where the
rawness
of the truth
is always
surprising
to feel
and so
I recognize
that time
can be
so elusive
it can
slip past us
quickly
without us
knowing
it won't always
offer you solace
or escape
from the worries
yet it can
offer you
experience
and a little
wisdom
here and there
and sometimes
it can guide you
to that place
where the worries
don't matter
so much

***

- 11/26/2025

31.

I'd simply
just rather
be away from it
out there
far out there
when the Sunrise
is just starting
to bring light
to the forest
I'd simply
rather be
away from it
you know
the it I mean
no words
need to be spoken
no description
no backstory
given
you already know
you already
understand
completely

***

- 11/26/2025

We're drifting
into the darkness
that the long gone
prophet
warned us about
we are unraveling
the threads
of sanity
in a futile search
for instant
gratification
we're looking
towards
the Sunlight
forgetting
that it's a star
we seem to think
that what's
before our eyes
is the most real
that we can
possibly know
we know that
we just feel
differently
than we did
before
somehow
things got
switched around
so many of
our own memories
seen from
a different world
the long gone
prophet
spelled it all out
yet the skeptics
and the zealots
said he was
a crazy fool
and look
where we are now

***

- 11/26/2025

33.

There's a big
crack in
my ceiling
a collapse
could be
imminent
I could pay for
a repair
but the heating
is broken to
and winter
is almost here
the nights
are getting
colder
but only
sometimes
not much else
to declare
my taxes
are overdue
there ....
now you know
I'm a rebel

***

- 11/26/2025

34.

Ducking out
of work
thirty minutes
early
when no one
is around
I'll escape
out there
into the
dystopian freedom
which at least
for now
is only part
dystopian
but that could
all change
any day
and we
sure do know it
as we look
at the clock
and decide
on our destiny

***

- 11/26/2025

35.

Waiting for
the night
to flood everything
with dreams
dreams
are better
than the
real thing
I feel
but that's
just me
don't take
my word
for anything
get moving
or get sleeping
follow a star
in its course
towards morning
and the
first light
let the dreams
flood everything
surrounding you
let the dreams
flood your mind
which may
be broken
by this point
in time
I don't mean
to pry
it's just that
I know
how the world
can be
with that
three- headed
mad dog
guarding
the gate
down below
waiting for all
the bullshitters

*** - 11/26/2025

36.

Lets go
follow
the immaculate stars
with our drunken eyes
lets go
connect our world
to the galaxy
for we've been
drifting away
into a mad
solitude
for far too long
let us go
win over
the bats
of the night
and the owl sages
let us go look
for antique lanterns
on the hillside
in the twilight's
final moments
when the fireflies
begin to return

***

- 11/27/2025

37.

Living
in a time
of cement
eggshells
how strong
in structure
they appear
on the surface
yet in dark
tunnels
underneath
there are orcs
of the financial
markets
hammering
and chipping
away at
the foundations
they sing vile
and mad
orc songs
as they labor
and behind
the cement
the foundations
of our world
are eggshells
and the eggshells
have the magic
to create
glittering
illusions
of finance
that are like
a drug
the orcs
just can't imagine
being without

***

- 11/27/2025

38.

What are
you searching for
when the dogs
of the morning
howl for
the memory
of the Sun
did you believe
that the living
embodiment
of an old philosophy
would appear
to us
in the flesh
I know you
in a measure
of degrees
that are uncertain
I can say
I know you now
in this world
of spiders
and illusions
just as
the great
film projector
is about to
reach its end

***

- 11/27/2025

39.

I dwell
in places
where the wind
is a mean
bastard
and despair
is like
an incense
that reminds you
of the
great ceremony
and the talkers
on the television
simply
talk
talk
talk
instead
of dream
that we can
make the world
of tomorrow
like a bright
oasis
instead of like
a vast horizon
of factories
with smokestacks
spewing the ash
of our sins
back down
upon us

***

- 11/27/2025

40.

All that's left
to sing
is the song
of sinking
into the night
we've done
the best
we could do
(considering)
we put up
the best fight
that we could
(also considering)
yet all that's left
to sing
is the song
of sinking
into the night
as the Moon
is rising
somewhere
up over the horizon
somewhere
too far away
for me to see

***

- 11/27/2025

41.

Letting out
the lightwaves
in the vineyard
of fog
I seize this moment
for it is
a moment
I can breathe in
deeply
knowing that
it's the most real
knowing that
everything else
is like
a feather
in the wind
knowing that
there are messages
in bottles
on their way
from the
glowing stars

***

- 11/27/2025

I stumbled upon
an oasis
of the divine salt
not knowing
whether or not
I would be
counted among
those considered
able to be
redeemed
I've thrown
my share
of snakes
into the bright
gardens
simply out of
malice
for I understood
early
that the whole
damn system
was rigged
to plunder
and so here
I am now
standing in
the presence
beyond
our understanding
of a salt that
brings the balance
and stings
our wounds
throughout
the desperate struggle

***

- 11/27/2025

43.

Dystopian
star-catacombs
of the
salted wind
it is there
that we may find
the visions
in the sky
of a thousand
open windows
of a thousand
afternoons
of the Sun
and its given
light
across the span
of a thousand
noble centuries

***

- 11/27/2025

44.

Listening
to the music
from the islands
of the cold
that sense
of being far away
from the mundane
the trivial
and the
techno-absurd
I'd rather be
a thousand miles
away
beyond plateaus
of ice
than to be
among the machinery
and the ideological
paint can explosions
of the modern world
with all of that
traffic noise
and all the
glowing screens
that are like
trapdoors
into the warping
of the mind
instead
I'd rather have
some solitude
on some desolate
northern island
in a sea
of ice
and a Sunrise
that can last
a year
if you believe

***

- 11/27/2025

45.

Now I rise
from the
shadows
for I still have
some fight left
some fire left
some arrogance
in the face
of the arrogant
I'm getting old
and tired
yet I still have
some venom left
for my fellow
serpents

***

- 11/27/2025

46.

The strength
has been
fading from me
these days
the energy
taken away
to help build
a bird's nest
the motivation
has seeped
into the ground
in a cold
Autumn rain
and will
return to
the world
as a sprouting
weed
when spring
rolls around

***

- 11/28/2025

47.

So it begins
anew
another day
wading through
the folly
when the entirety
of existence
is no longer
reflected
in your mirror
what do you do
and when
the alarm clock
sounds like
a Medieval
afternoon
during
the plague
what do you do
so it begins
another day
anew

***

- 11/28/2025

48.

What is
the point
of a thing
so unworthy
of devotion
it seems
to rise
from primordial
depths
it awakens
no joy
within us
what is
its purpose
other than
to feed itself
gluttony
for itself
concealing
the sight
of the
hopeful shores
with its own
gluttonous fog
if you listen
closely
you can hear
the bells
out on the water
a thing
with a
questionable
point to it
arrives en masse

***

- 11/28/2025

49.

What drifts apart
may drift
back together
and then
drift apart again
it is not
a certainty
for time
may devour
certainty
or it may not
the whims
of something
greater
something
more profound
guide us
towards
the horizon
where something
unknown
is waiting
for us
what it is
we just
don't know
yet it's
waiting there
as we drift
together
then back apart
on and on
infinitum

***

- 11/28/2025

50.

Sometimes
I look up there
into the night sky
and I know
that there's
someone out there
looking back
at us
the distance
between us
is vast
yet perhaps
not insurmountable
we just
don't know
at the
present time
yes ....
the wondrous
present time
full of things
we just
don't know

***

- 11/28/2025

51.

Surely
you know
you're just
a cog
in the machine
and the machine
wants you
to do
the cog thing
well
so be
a good sport
and at least try
to fake
a smile
about it

***

- 11/28/2025

Making it
through
the eye
of the storm
with no good
explanation why
making it through
those mornings
when the wake up
is terribly difficult
a cold realization
a realization
that's very cold
you're back here
again
in the same place
with all the same
problem situations
like hitting
an iceberg
and sinking
into the cold sea
making it through
mornings like this
it's never easy
it was never
meant to be easy
it's simply proof
that the
shifting winds
of fortune
and the shifting
winds of time
are like
hungry wolves
howling at
the Moon
that brings
a little light
to your darkness

***

- 11/29/2025

There was once
brighter days
I can remember
a little
about them
but just
a little
so distant
so long ago
they seem
the memory
of them fades
yet never
completely
they linger
around
to remind me
what it
was like
to feel a sense
of peace
and the
brighter days
were real
at one time
and now
the storm clouds
have rolled in
the Four Horsemen
ride again
the flowers
are withered
and the Moon
is falling
into the sea
yet there was once
brighter days
and there's still
enough
of us left
to tell the world
about them

*** - 11/29/2025

54.

It's raining down
pendulums
from the pit
from the Inquisition
down on me
a cold
Saturday morning
the memory
of last night
consumed
in the fog
of madness
visions of
a court jester
haunting
the dark
silent hours
that silence
that cruel
cruel silence
from which
the worries
the anxiety
rise like
mirror reflections
from the pit
so have
a cold one
or light one up
sail off
towards the Sunset
if you can
while you can

***

- 11/29/2025

55.

Thrown
out there
into the garden
of the
senseless things
we don't know
the truth
for it may
not even exist
but the televisions
will tell you
a story
so rise
and shine
and be among
the senseless things
for a time
we all have
to endure
such a time
and that may be
a truth right there
but who is to say
in these times

***

- 11/29/2025

56.

My eyes
are following
the dark swan
upon the lake
of vanished
memory
such are
the times
full of such
illusions
that might
deceive you
but it reaches
a point
where you
don't care
anymore
if they
deceive you
it reaches
a point
when your prefer
the appearance
of the deception
the illusion
the mirage
when you
move towards it
when you
get close
it always
disappears
back into
the lake
of vanished memory
and the dark swan

***

- 11/29/2025

57.

When you're
stuck between
two worlds
it can be
difficult
to find a place
in either
of them
when you're stuck
between
two worlds
neither may
seem real
or both may seem
too real
when you're stuck
between
two worlds
there may be
twice the distance
to go
to make it
through
the dismal marshes
when you're stuck
between
two worlds
you may lose
your sense
of direction
not knowing
which way to go
yet understanding
it doesn't matter
anyway

***

- 11/29/2025

58.

A voice
called to me
from the void
of a strange time
I recognize it
it was
my own voice
calling out
to me
from the void
of a strange time
so here I am
trying
to comprehend
but not able to
which one of us
was the real
one of us
which one
of us
was the fake
the copy
the reflection
in a broken mirror
I bet it's me
this one
I just
have a hunch

***

- 11/29/2025

59.

Tearing through
the sky
the buzzing
of the engine
like ten thousand
pissed off hornets
taking fire
from the ground
taking fire
from the sky
trying to
stay on point
stay on target
in the great war
in the great
battle
against the void
that seeps
into our lives
tearing through
the sky
surrounded by
the enemy
the void peddlers
and the vultures
were never far
circling around
waiting for
their feast
on a Sunny afternoon
in the great war
against the void

***

- 11/29/2025

60.

I've been trying
to give
the infinite
a chance
to do away
with the finite
but they keep
pumping the finite
full of crude oil
darkening the skies
with dark ash
and soot
from the albatross's
nightmare
we've seen
this same story
in the newspapers
before
haven't we
as we try
to muster
what little spark
there is left
but there isn't
much spark left
as the disco-techs
blast out
strange
apocalyptic sounds
into the night
of the infinite

***

- 11/29/2025

61.

Maybe
just maybe
there's
a bright light
out there
at the end
of some tunnel
that may be
out there
perhaps
I'm not sure
if anyone
really knows
the truth
of the matter
and some
just choose
to not think
about such things
at all
some have
simply forgotten
and some have
never believed
in that whole
concept
of a light
at the end
of a tunnel
that may
or may not exist
yet I'm certain
that it does
in some person's dream
somewhere

***

- 11/29/2025

62.

Stupidity
has brought me
to this conclusion
feeling dragged
through the dregs
on a cold
Saturday morning
in late November
dragged through
the garden
of thorns
dragged through
the garden
of viscous memories
stupidity
has brought
me here
I did not choose
the correct path
I knew better
but stupidity
has a way
of always
winning
in the end
for me

***

- 11/29/2025

63.

I'm listening
to the
albatross sing
watching
the glacier
disappear
into the fog
I just finished
a bag
of pretzels
the world
seems the same
a car
drives by
a house
somewhere
a cat
stares at something
in a field
I saw a rainbow
a few times
this past summer
it's almost
winter now
there's a few
bills in
my mailbox
the vampires
are awake
tonight

***

- 11/29/2025

64.

Watching
the news
getting depressed
the street lights
change
the wind howls
somewhere
watching
the news
the mind
is boggled
I must have
fallen in
to that
rabbit hole
the rabbits
all ran away
they're
the smart ones
I would say

***

- 11/29/2025

65. (LEFT OFF)

A bat
is flying around
outside
my apartment
mesmerized
by the streetlight
not really
knowing
what it is
just that
it's bright
beckoning
alluring
like Aphrodite
standing
in a seashell
while cherubs
serenade
and the bat
just goes
round and round
in circles
unwilling
to get too close
unwilling
to fly away
and so the dance
of the bat
and the light
goes on
and will continue
to go on
until
the end of time
maybe

***

- 11/29/2025

Living among
all the dumpster fires
living among
the sounds
the noise
of the
unfriendly streets
living among
all the old promises
that were cut up
melted down
reassembled into
a fancy piece
of junk
and returned to us
living among
the vampires
and the
snake oil
salesmen
living where
and when
their lies
are received
so gracefully
living among
the candles
that went out
centuries ago
living somewhere
not so
reminiscent
to the valley
of the kings
living among
the sleeping
butterflies
I'd have
no place to go
if I wasn't
living among
the self-aware
machines

*** - 11/29/2025

The world
seems to be
drifting
into an era
of cold
dark rain
our statues
will look
away from us
the seagulls
will no longer
harass us
for peanuts
on the boardwalk
they will prefer
to look away
and we won't
be very popular
among
the colonies
of ants either
and bells will still
toll for us
on occasion
the sound
will drift away
no one
will be listening
no one will
remember
what it meant
to listen
and at night
the stars
will appear
though few
will look
and take
a moment
to ponder

***

- 11/30/2025

I have crossed
into the valley
of the last shadow
I am on
a mission
to find it
the lost shadow
I must bring
it back
to the altar
of the falling
stars
I am wandering
in the valley
of the lost shadow
when we experience
the true reality
if we do not
possess the
lost shadow
then we
will never
be masters
of our
own fate
and fate
will not
be kind
for fate
thinks very
little of us
and no one
blames fate
for that

***

- 11/30/2025

69.

The madness
will seek
to find us
the madness
will seek
to slip through
cracks under
the door
or through windows
if we leave
them open
which far
too many people
still do
thinking this
is still
the old days
of Sunshine
and laughter
they forget
that there is
madness out there
they forget
that it is
self-aware
it is
the reason why
our candles
do not glow
as bright anymore
it is the reason
why we'll often
find ourselves
staring at something
intensely
for no
apparent reason

***

- 11/30/2025

There was
a time
that I'd be
out early
in the forest
to watch
the Sunrise
yet this year
that seems like
an impossible
thing
this year
has taken
a battering ram
to my motivation
this year
has filled
my thoughts
with storm clouds
and crows
and existentialism
this year
has robbed me
of my earnings
this year
has stolen
what glory
should rightfully
be mine
this year
has danced upon
my bones
while I yet live
this year has
called upon me
to surrender
yet I won't
listen
I'll take
this year
with me
off the edge
of the cliff

down into
the raging sea
of time

***

- 11/30/2025

I go into
the night
with the stem
of a rose
on and on
until the sight
of the shoreline
disappears
tossed about
by waves of beer
displaced upon
tides of wine
I go into
the night
touching
the thorn
and bleeding
I go into
the night
all too aware
of the prophecy
I go into
the night
as the lanterns
go out
I go into
the night
with dreams
of tomorrow's dawn

***

- 11/30/2025

73.

Am I listening
to the final
blessing
I seem to
no longer
recognize
when words
have been
touched by
the Sun
I no longer seem
to recognize
when words
fill your mind
with gardens
is my mind
filled with
gardens
I believe so
yet there is
doubt
where there
wasn't doubt
before
are these
the words
of the last
blessing
are these
the words
for me to take
across the river
once the boatman
has been given
his coin

***

- 11/30/2025